

The Historie of

*Prince.* Faith, tell me now in earnest, how came *Falstaf*'s Sword so hackt?

*Peto.* Why, he hackt it with his Dagger, and said he would sweare truth out of *England* but hee would make you beleue it was done in fight, and perswaded vs to doe the like.

*Car.* Yea, and to tickle our noses with speare-grasse, to make them bleede, and then to beslubber our garments with it, and sweare it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this season year before, I blusht to heare his monstrous deuises.

*Prin.* O villaine, thou stolest a cup of Sacke eightene yeeres ago, and wert taken with the manner, and euer since thou hast blusht extempore, thou hadst fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou ranst away: what instinct hadst thou for it?

*Bar.* My Lord, doe you see these meteors? doe you behold these exhalations?

*Prin.* I doe.

*Bar.* What thinke you they portend?

*Prin.* Hot Liuers, and cold Purces.

*Bar.* Choler, my Lord, if rightly taken.

*Enter Falstaf.*

*Prin.* No, if rightly taken, Halter. Here comes leane *Iacke*, here comes bare-bone. How now my sweete creature of Bombast, how long is't ago, *Iacke*, since thou sawest thine owne Knee?

*Fal.* My owne Knee; when I was about thy yeeres (*Hal*) I was not an Eagles talent in the wast: I could haue crept into any Aldermans thumbe-ring: a plague of sighing and grieve, it blowes a man vp like a bladder. Ther's villanous newes abroad, here was sir *Iohn braby* from your Father: you must goe to the Court in the morning. The same mad fellow of the *North Percy*, and he of *Wales*, that gaue *Amamon* the Bastinado, and made *Lucifer* cuckold, and swore the *Dinell* his true liegeman vpon the Crosse of a welch hooke; what a plague call you him?

*Poin.* O *Glendower*.

*Fal.* Owen, Owen, the same, and his Sonne in law *Mortimer*, and old *Northumberland*, and the sprightly Scot of Scottes *Dowglas*, that runnes a horse-backe vp a hill perpendicular.

*Prin.* Hee that rides at high speed, and with a Pistoll kills a Sparrow flying.

*Fal.*

Henry the Fourth.

*Fal.* You haue hit it.

*Prince.* So did he neuer the Sparrow.

*Fal.* Well, that rascall hath good mettall in him runne.

*Prince.* Why what a rascall art thou then, to prae running?

*Fal.* A horse-backe (yee Cuckoe) but on foot budge a foote.

*Prin.* Yes *Iacke*, vpon instinct.

*Fal.* I grant ye, vpon instinct: well, hee is there *Mordake*, and a thousand blew Caps more. *Worcester* away by night, thy fathers beard is turn'd white with you may buy Land now as cheape as stincking *Mary*.

*Prin.* Then 'tis like, if there come a hot Sunne, buffeting hold, wee shall buy Mayden-heads as thunnies, by the hundreds.

*Fal.* By the Masse lad, thou saist true, it is like good trading that way. But tell me *Hal*, Art not thou feard? thou being Heire apparent, couldst thou not out three such Enemies againe, as that fiend *Dow Percy*, and that diuell *Glendower*? Art thou not ho doth not thy blood thrill at it?

*Prin.* Not a whit yfaith: I lacke some of thy insti

*Fal.* Well, thou wilt be horrible chidde to thou comest to thy Father: if thou doe loue me answer.

*Prince.* Do thou stand for my Father, and exa the particulars of my life.

*Fal.* Shall I? content: this Chaire shalbe my Sger my Scepter, and this Cushin my Crowne.

*Prin.* Thy State is taken for a ioynd stoole, thy ter for a leaden Dagger, and thy precious rich Cro tifull bald Crowne.

*Fal.* Well, and the fire of Grace be not quit now shalt thou be moued. Giue mee a cuppe of mine eyes looke redde, that it may be thought For I must speake in passion, and I will doe it in vaine.

E 2